

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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**GEMS OF THOUGHT.**

Disinterestedness is the very soul of virtue.

Silence is vocal if we listen well.—*J. G. Holland.*

Inexhaustible good-nature is the most precious gift of heaven.

Duty is the sublimest word in the English language.—*Robert E. Lee.*

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

Evil is the only slave of Good, and sorrow the servant of Joy.—*Holland.*

The most sacred duty of one who pretends to inform men is to speak the truth.

Under the laws of Providence, we have duties which are perilous.—*Austin Phelps.*

The heights by great men reached and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight; By they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upwards in the night. —*Longfellow.*

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.—*Seneca.*

Truth is independent, it will stand alone, it needs no prop to support.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than material force; that thoughts rule the world.—*Emerson.*

Life is before you—not earthly life alone, but life, a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity.

Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul, and that may be found in the humblest condition of life.—*W. E. Channing.*

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.

An abundance of peace shall be multiplied unto him who is in his secret heart steadfastly resolved not to suffer from imaginary ills.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over.

What is our life but an endless flight of winged facts or events! In splendid variety these changes come, all putting questions to the human spirit.

All mankind are happier for having been happy, so that, if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

We are all sculptors and painters and our materials are our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to embrate them.—*Thoreau.*

The loving contemplation of the soul's first friend, banish not merely the bad thoughts which conquer, but those also which tempt. As the eagle flies high above the highest mountains, so does true love above struggling duty.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

**AN ANNIVERSARY LECTURE.**  
Delivered by Dr. Dean Clarke in Tremont Temple, Boston, March 31, 1887.

This vast audience has assembled to commemorate one of the most remarkable and important events in human history. No occurrence in modern times can compare with its magnitude.

If this assertion sounds like the extravagance of fanaticism to the doubting scoffer, we would remind him that many of the most momentous events of time have been regarded as trivial and insignificant at the period of occurrence. The flying of a kite toward a thunder-cloud is ordinarily but a juvenile pastime; but in the hands of an American Prometheus it gave to thought the lightning's wings—brought a spark of celestial fire to the earth, whose kindling light now turns night into day, and decoyed from the clouds a Titanic motor of matter as e'en now it moves the world of mind!

When, thirty-nine years ago this night, little Katie Fox listened to the tiny "raps" of Hydesville she made a discovery transcending that of Franklin, as much as the brilliancy of the lightning's flash surpasses the firefly's fitful gleams! She then heard the first experimental click of a celestial telegraph whose unseen wires subtend the ocean of Eternity, and connect the earth with the spheres of Heaven. She listened to the first faint whisperings of a "still, small voice" that, as time rolls on, shall deepen into tones of authority louder than the thunders of Sinai. She interrogated the first symbols of an intelligence long hushed in silence, that came to announce that again "the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," and another dispensation was coming to fill the world with light, joy, and peace.

The Fox family greeted a messenger from an unknown world; a herald from an unseen realm; a courier from "that silent bourne whence (it was supposed) no traveler returns." They welcomed the first "ministering spirit," that for nearly twenty centuries had met with an intelligent reception from the denizens of earth.

The thirty-first of March, 1848, was the dawn of a new era; the beginning of a glorious epoch for the intellectual, moral, and spiritual progress of mankind. It was the "dawning day" portentous of the most startling events, the most wonderful phenomena, the most magnificent discoveries, the most stupendous changes, the most gigantic revolutions ever witnessed on earth. It was the birthday of a miracle-worker, an iconoclast, a revolutionist, a reformer, a revelator, an inspirer, a healer, a comforter, a teacher, a patriot, an emancipator and a Savior, more potent, more competent, more universal and irresistible in influence than this world has ever before known.

Are these tributes of appreciation but fulsome rhapsody? Are these plaudits of gratitude but turgid rhetoric born of a heated imagination? Are the many millions who join with us to-day, comprising many of the foremost intellects of the world, but a horde of dupes and fanatics beguiled by the most stupendous delusion that has ever deceived mankind? Are the ubiquitous and marvelous phenomena, whose reality is certified by many of the most astute scientists of the age, but chimerical phantasms that have "deceived the very elect" in letters, in philosophy and in science? Is the most enlightened, critical and skeptical age of the world's history, the one in which the most gigantic fraud has added and captivated the most doubting intellects on earth? Has the most delusive, demoralizing, and widespread superstition, that has ever cursed the world, gained dominion in an age the least favorable to unwarranted faiths and blind beliefs? If so, then is the credulity of the world's profoundest thinkers, a greater phenomenon than the facts accepted. But have the uncounted millions of Spiritualists, all of whom have been made such in the short space of thirty-nine years, no warrant of proof, no surety of indubitable evidence, no test of positive demonstration, to justify their claim of a knowledge of spirit communion?

Are we fools, fanatics and lunatics that we are here to-day to do honor either to the greatest fiction or the grandest truth this prolific age has evolved? What say some of the most illustrious scholars and

thinkers the ages have produced in answer? John W. Draper, the eminent scientist, historian and philosopher, says, "That the spirits of the dead occasionally visit the living, or haunt their former abodes, has been in all ages, in all European countries, a fixed belief, not confined to rustics but participated in by the intelligent. . . . If human testimony on such subjects can be of any value, there is a body of evidence reaching from the remotest ages to the present time, as extensive and unimpeachable as is to be found in support of anything whatever."

J. H. Fichte, the distinguished German philosopher and author, says: "I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should be silent."

Says Prof. de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London, "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

Says Dr. Robert Chambers, the distinguished editor and literateur, "I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures."

Says Prof. Challis, Plumarian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, Eng.: "I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."

Camille Flammarion, the French Astronomer and Academician, says, "I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declared the phenomena denominated 'somnambule,' 'magnetic,' 'mediumic,' . . . to be impossible, is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and, also, any man accustomed by his professional avocations to scientific observation may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the facts alluded to."

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., says, "My position, therefore, is, that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

Prof. C. F. Varley, F. R. S., the eminent English electrician, says, "I know of no instance, either in the New or the Old World, in which any clear-headed man, who has carefully examined the phenomena, has failed to become a convert to the spiritual hypothesis. That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence."

The testimony of these great scientific and literary lights might be supplemented *ad libitum* by equally positive statements from Professors Crooks, Barrett, Ulrici, Wagner, Zollner, Perty, Bouterof, Gregory, Mapes, Hare, and scores more of eminent scientists, together with avowals of belief from distinguished authors like Trollope, Thackeray, Browning, Victor Hugo, and a hundred more brilliant stars in the literary firmament.

Several of the most noted conjurers like Rhys, Hamilton, Houdin, Jacobs, Bellachini, Herman and Kellar have admitted the reality, and so far as their art extends, the inexplicability of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

With facts enough to fill a hundred Bibles, and with witnesses enough to fill all the churches in Christendom, whose testimony cannot be impeached, what care we for the flippant jeers of ignorant skepticism, which is too lazy, too stupid, or too bigoted to investigate and accept the best demonstrated truth now admitted in the world's cyclopedia of "Positive Knowledge?" If we are deluded in this belief, we are in everything; life and consciousness are both sensorial illusions, and our daily experiences, but a phantasmagoria of delusive dreams! What if "frauds" and "fanaticism" may account for much that has been accepted as fact by over-credulous people, enough of scientifically demonstrated phenomena remains to establish our faith upon a foundation stable as eternal verities! No other people on earth have as just a claim to a knowledge of immortality as have we.

The faiths of Christendom have not a thousandth part of the proof to sustain them which is a living verity and not merely a historic statement with us to-day. Why then should not we rejoice that, better than St. Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Our evidence of spiritual manifestations is so universal, so overwhelming in character, so personal and conclusive, that we are warranted in saying that everybody believes in them, who is not too slothful or indifferent to examine the facts, too dull to comprehend them, or too conceited and prejudiced to appropriate them!

Hon. B. F. Wade, of Ohio, when asked by a fellow-senator: "Why, Ben., are you a Spiritualist?" With a customary oath of emphasis, the brave and honest Senator laconically replied: "Yes, of course; any man who has as much brain as I have, can't be anything else."

Those who, "having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not," either lack opportunity to investigate this all-important truth, or they need the prescription given by an eminent physician to a dupe who accosted him with the question: "Doc-taw, what would be good for my poor head?" "Brains, you fool you, brains!" was the reply. We commend the Doctor's prescription to a large class whose craniums are too full of emptiness to "take in that nonsense called Spiritualism," as they say. It will most assuredly be a panacea for "what ails them!"

If not so accepted and acknowledged by the Pharasaic bigots of to-day, future historians will record the dawn of Modern Spiritualism as the greatest event of the nineteenth century; for out of it as a fountain of truth, and a matrix of causation, have sprung, and will spring, the most revolutionary movements in the faiths, practices and institutions of mankind ever recorded in the annals of evolving time. Already have its phenomenal facts done more to check-mate the rapidly-growing materialism of the age, than all of the religious agencies of the world combined. It has furnished in world-wide exuberance, the only demonstration of a post-mortem existence extant in this world to-day. This alone entitles it to the fealty and homage of mankind.

What personal, social, political or national interest can compare in importance with the settling of the great question of man's eternal destiny? This, Spiritualism with its facts and philosophy, has done more rationally and satisfactorily, by far, than all of the previous revelations ever given. Until it came as the world's great spiritual teacher and comforter, death was the "king of terrors," "the most horrid elf of all that mortals hate or dread." Forty years ago it was as true as when St. Paul uttered it, that "the whole world groaneth and travaileth in pain together unto this day, subject unto bondage through fear of death."

The poet, Campbell, voiced the common fear of the "grim monster" when he wrote:—

"Oh, deep, enchanting prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!  
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread, an awful thing to die!"

But, thanks be to God, Spiritualism now floods the world with light from beyond the grave, and through the trumpet of this great resurrection a myraid of angel voices are heard singing:—

"Melt and dispel ye spectre doubts that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
Chased on his night steed by the star of day!"

In the brilliant light of Spiritualism the  
"— Starless grave doth shine  
The portal of eternal day,"

And the sad requiem and mournful dirge are drowned by the glad songs of millions who sing to-day:—

"This world hath felt a quickening breath  
From Heaven's eternal shore  
And souls triumphant over death  
Return to earth once more.  
For this we hold our jubilee,  
For this with joy we sing,  
O Grave where is thy victory?  
O Death where is thy sting?"

"Now," indeed, as never before, "is brought to pass the saying, 'death is swallowed up in victory!' We know 'tis but a flower-encircled door, opened by a friendly hand, through which we pass to greet those we love," and to enter "the Father's house of many man-

sions," or spheres, to dwell forevermore!

But not solely as the great "comforter" has Spiritualism come, but as the "spirit of truth" it appears to correct all the errors in the dogmas, creeds and institutions of mankind. Though it is yet a mooted question with its earthly agents, whether its ulterior purpose be not principally to renovate the creeds of Christianity, and to revitalize it with a new endowment of its primitive "spiritual gifts,"—we opine that it has not come to "put new wine into old, musty bottles," nor to make a "crazy-quilt" patchwork by putting "new cloth, from celestial looms, into old garments" that are far too small for the manhood and womanhood of the nineteenth century.

Nay! verily, its purpose, we believe, is far more radical and rational, than as a mere renovator of out-grown institutions and decaying systems of error. It has the vigor, power and ambition of an iconoclast, a reformer, a conjurer, and a builder too. We believe that Christianity as an organic institution, as now manifest in the Protestant and Catholic churches, can no more absorb and monopolize the new truth and spiritual power movement, than could Judaism, or paganism appropriate primitive Christianity; no more than can the moon absorb the entire light of the God of day. "New times demand new measures and new men," says a modern philosopher, and it is our conviction, based upon history, that the life and power of this new dispensation will, in God's own good time, evolve an organism of its own, commensurate with its intrinsic capabilities for establishing a higher civilization, a larger liberty, a greater equality, a deeper, broader, and higher education, and a religion that shall be—what existing ones are not—the will of God "done on earth as it is in heaven!"

Whatever may be its mission, Spiritualism has come into this world to stay. Not all the Pilates and Herods that have combined to slay it; not all of the chief priests and scribes that have shouted: "It hath a devil, crucify it, crucify it," not all of the proud magnates of materialistic science that have cried: "humbug," "fraud," "jugglery," "electricity," "involuntary muscular action," "od force," "inconscious cerebration," "psychic force," etc., etc., *ad nauseam*; not all that pulpit and press combined have said against it; not all the "free love" and "frauds" of its unfaithful agents and misrepresentatives; not all these obstacles together have stopped its triumphant career as it has marched from Hydesville to the ends of earth. In the graphic and eloquent language of Emma Hardinge-Britten we may truly say: "East, West, North, South, its viewless lines have run, whilst mental science, burning oratory, triumph over pain and death, trust in God, and hope for man have followed in its march. To count up its triumphs, do faintest justice to its treasures of hope, consolation, moral improvement, or spiritual elevation would be as impossible as it has proved for the puny arm of man to stay its progress." We grant that Spiritualists themselves have done but little to boast of. That they have built mostly only foundations, and brilliant hopes for the future. But the silent work of Spiritualism, which, like the kingdom of heaven, "cometh not with observation," has wrought an unparalleled change in the ideas and beliefs of mankind. As a leaven of truth and liberality, it has done more to uplift and develop humanity in the last thirty-nine years than Christianity accomplished in the first thousand, or more than it has done in the last one hundred years with all its vast means of appliance and labor.

We have neither time, means, nor ability to inventory its vast achievements, but, for this occasion, we may summarize a few. It has "conquered the last enemy—Death," and answered the world's great question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" It has revealed a natural, progressive post-mortem for all men, and thus has eclipsed the Bible in furnishing the foundation "for a hope of future probation for the poor heathen," as well as for the Andover professors. It has healed the sick, comforted the mourners, preached the gospel to the poor, as well as the rich; corrected the erring, and encouraged the weak. It has restored "spiritual gifts" in greater variety than ever before, added knowledge

(Continued on Third Page.)



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Short Chats and Items.

BY J. J. MORSE.

[Paper No. 2.]

The progress of Spiritualism in thirty-nine years in all countries of the world has been and is simply astonishing. While not believing in many of the exaggerated estimates that emotional mathematicians frequently present of our numbers, yet that our adherents are large, a very large, and constantly increasing, body there can be no doubt. This wonderful army of believers has been enlisted by no creed, but has been obtained upon the simple ground of fact and evidence, and as these lines are being penned the air is still tremulous with the vibrations of the voices lately raised to celebrate our nine and thirtieth anniversary throughout the world. East, North, South and West in the broad domain of these United States,—created out of the deaths, and cemented by the life blood, of the patriots of '76,—the pæan has risen in commemoration of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, the glorious demonstration of a natural, rational and conscious immortality. Truly the sounding of those knocks at Rochester has reverberated around the world! Let us give a passing tribute of loving gratitude to the pioneers of the past whose names are forever emblazoned upon the standard of our cause. Most of them are removed to a realizations of their teachings—some: "Some few there are that still remain," among us, none, I venture to say, grater, truer hearted, nobler souled, than my dear and long-time, valued friend, Emma Hardinge-Britten. Truly our female Paul—also a veritable evangelist, who, I learn in a recent letter from her, is working bravely yet, in my dear island home beyond the blue Atlantic. There she is celebrating in our mutual cause, as are you good folks in the Golden State, and as Spiritualism looks deeper than the accidents of nationality, the writer, though "a Britisher," joins hands with you all across the vast and various stretches of the land that claims the honor of being the birth-place of the cause we all love so well.

Truly our cause is great. Truly, also then, must our responsibilities be great. Let us look to it that sentiment and emotion do not cause us to fall into subjection as in other forms of spiritual ministry and culture. Let us ever keep before us Tennyson's inspired lines:

"How pure at heart and sound in head  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead."

Spiritualism lives and thrives because of its truths, else many of its own household had, ere this, been Brutus to it. Folly and fanaticism abound in all causes, more or less; that such are among us need not excite any special wonder. We must realize the value of an old injunction, "Beloved, try the spirits," for spirit fools and frauds are facts as well as their compeers here on earth. Spiritualism is not mediumship, circle holding, phenomena, or test or personal communications alone in either case. It includes all these, and more. It is greater than any one of such. It is a philosophical demonstration of a future state by establishing communion therewith, a scientific philosophical examination of the nature, relationships, and needs of man, in all departments of life, thought and action. It rests upon principles, and is independent for its continuance upon any person, howsoever noteworthy. To paraphrase an old saying: "Mediums may come, and mediums may go, but Spiritualism goes on forever!" It is desirable to look upon one's co-workers as brethren and sisters, but it is not always possible. I am no brother to a scamp or cheat, merely because in the same employment, yet am I ever willing to help such reform. The people who loves every one, and praise all, are generally either fools or knaves,—with here and there an honorable exception who ultimately discovers himself a victim. Let us look to the higher powers always, and trusting thereto, and cultivating our own sense of right and justice, Spiritualism will prove to us, that which it is, a gloriously divine heritage blessing, purifying, and exalting our thoughts and lives.

Since my last article, under this head, my labors have closed in New York City, my work there including five separate months since my arrival here, eighteen months ago. Since then my feet have been in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., the "City of Brotherly Love," during the month of March, just closed. If it was needful to my work to say here, for myself, that chairs had to be provided for extra numbers, and that old Spiritualists said "so and so," and that my controls eclipsed themselves, and such like self-laudatory twaddle, I might conveniently fill up your space, Brother Owen, but to me it would be nauseating to report a general experience. The correspondence and gift of valued friends are too sacred to be made a sum in arithmetic and for public observation, or private glorification, so let me put it all in a sentence,—the "City of Brotherly Love" treated me with my usual fate, large audiences, abundant courtesies, and the fullest friendship. For the rest: I am not my own advertising agent!

One or two items from Quakeropolis may interest your readers. Imprimis, some sapient zany has drafted a "bill" to impose a penalty—fine and imprisonment

—for "any who shall, for lucre or gain, pretend to hold communication with the spirits of departed persons," which "bill" was presented the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, the capital of the State. A powerful protest was at once prepared, and some two thousand signatures obtained inside of twenty-four hours, some being duly dispatched to the Honorable (?) House of the Legislature. The representations of the Spiritualists, liberal league and liberalists, generally, will be strong enough, it is hoped, to prevent the bill, as drawn, becoming a law, while it is more than likely it will be dropped altogether. There is no condemnation too severe for the wretches that pretend to be media, but the law, as it stands, is surely capable of coping with swindlers who obtain money under false pretenses.

Another item: Mrs. Sarah Patterson was made to realize that prescribing "medical treatment" was not permissible outside of being a regular licentiate, since, because her controls prescribed broad poultices to be applied to a man's eyes, a certain medical society prosecuted her on this man's information, and the result is a fine of one hundred dollars, and costs! By taking pay for the sitting she became amenable to the law. Technically the prosecution was justified, but obtaining their end by what is suggestive of the aid of the spy and the strickster creates a bad impression, especially as the medium is a mature woman, of a thoroughly honorable record. Mrs. Patterson is an excellent slate-writing medium, one of the best for personal communications, and considering the painful trial she has just endured, with all its annoyance and cost, it will not be too much to ask my courteous brother of the GOLDEN GATE to let me add her address, is 829 North 11th street Philadelphia, Pa.

In two months from now the writer will be amongst you all. He saw in last GATE to hand a little notice down in a corner that the arrangements for the camp were in time. Well, let us hope, a good time will be had by us all. As I always carry half of a good time with me, personally, I feel no doubt of having a real Californian good time! So far I have had neither discouragement, discomfort, or annoyance, during my stay, wherein I am perhaps more fortunate than some I read of. But life is what we make it, and I am willing to make the best of it at all times, and in all places.

At this writing I am paying my second month's visits to Washington, D. C., finding whole-souled faithful workers, flourishing meetings, and all that can delight the heart of true and faithful souls. It was my intention to write ere this, but my time is so occupied that it was impossible—even now I am putting important work aside to send this. But the labor is a pleasure, and trusting my pleasure will not prove the readers labor, my pen now stops.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 2, 1887.

## Josh Billings's First Lecture.

[Chicago News.]

The late Josh Billings told me once that his first experience on the lecture platform was the making of him. "I had been writing a good deal," he said, "and the stuff was pretty well received. At least I thought it was. I got it printed and a good deal of it was paid for. I imagined I was a little the biggest man in New York, and certainly the best-known man outside the city except Greeley. I had made a scrap-book of my writings and concluded I would give readings from these. I made an engagement to give such a reading at a small town in New Jersey. I carried my book with me and put up at the one hotel in great style. The landlord did not seem remarkably overawed by my presence, which was somewhat dampening. I gave him a half-dozen tickets for the lecture. When I came on the platform there were but seven persons in the hall, six of them being from the hotel, and the seventh a small boy who came in free. When I got back to the hotel I called the landlord into my room and had him bring me all the old newspapers he could find and a ball of cord. I took out my book, wrapped a dozen or so of newspapers around it, and then began winding the cord. I wound that entire ball about the bundle and tied the ends in a double knot.

"The landlord had watched the proceedings intently, and when I had finished my wrapping he inquired what the proceedings meant. I told him I was going back to New York to go to work, and I did not propose to untie that book until I could do so in his town and before an audience that would fill the house. I went back to the city," continued Mr. Shaw, "and struck out on a new lead. Two years after I received an invitation to lecture in this same town. I had been waiting for this. I took out my old book and took it along to see how things looked. When I came on the platform I found an audience so tightly packed that the last man had to leave his cane in the vestibule for lack of room. I took out my book and unwrapped it before them, telling the story as I did so. It was this shutting up of the past and beginning again that saved me—or at least made me what I am."

WHEN the heart is pure, there is hardly anything that can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

Not by selfishness is self best served. Who sympathizes with sorrow, cheerfully relieves want, and labors to inculcate lessons of knowledge and virtue, is ennobled through the nobility of his deeds. See that fireman rushing into the flames to rescue a sleeping child. No selfishness here. He stops not to ask whether the deed will bring him praise or blame, poverty or riches. Without a thought of self he has performed a heroic act, and his proper self has been thereby enlarged and ennobled. He has grown stronger; he has risen into higher life; and he can never again think of himself as weak or unworthy. Who is moved only by selfish motives, who never performs a noble or magnanimous act, is little now and will be less to-morrow than he is to-day. By his selfishness his proper self is shriveled and dwarfed.

Action reacts; and though I committed with good intent, a misdeed is not wholly without its reflex influence upon its author. Poison may kill, though taken as a medicine; and "justifiable homicide" tends to produce a certain hardness of heart that may cause the crime to be repeated with less temptation. The antidote which allays poison often creates a demand on its own account, sometimes fixing a pernicious habit for life. Strong drink, even though taken by compulsion, might create a habit which a weak person would be unable to resist.

We may excuse a person who intends well; but there remains a certain accusation against the intellect for not having judged better. One can not accept the aphorism of Napoleon that "A blunder is worse than a crime;" yet there is a certain criminality chargeable to the intellect for not having looked a little deeper into consequences. For the man whose bad venture has brought ruin to his fortune, there is a trifle of abatement of sympathy because of his being the victim of his own folly. He has misjudged men and things—misjudged the status of trade, and he should not complain of the evils of his own creating.

Consequence is compensation; and whether of reward or punishment, we should submit uncomplainingly to the inevitable. Wise is he who so profits by his misfortune as not to allow its repetition.

Free love,—it is a phrase musical enough to the ear, but of most foul intent; carnality baptized as purity, as if the devil had been named "Jehovah."

The freest love is that which is mutually given by one man and one woman, and the family relations are, at once, its best exemplification and school for its discipline and development.

The phrase "free love" has become technical as the name of a sect, party, clique, or whatnot, and is no longer to be understood in the honest Saxon sense of its words. It is not the first time that words, honest in themselves, have become of bad repute on account of the company kept.

Love, if good for anything, is for life; and, if there be any doubt of its lasting so long, it is better to defer the bans until the waters of affection have risen a little higher at the well-head.

Nevertheless, mistakes may be made. One of the parties may be false; and it would be unfair to hold the other bound for life to a dead carcass.

Possibly, as in other things, one extreme has followed another, and that free love itself owes some of its advocates and ugliness to the austerity that refuses divorce for reasonable cause.

True love is the marriage vow of one to one—so pure that good men and women smile on it their benedictions; and so holy that the nuptial rites only publish, but add naught to the sacredness of the contract. Free love is devilish—the aggregation of libidinous desires generalized into a theory.

From true love comes home, with its multitudinous joys and blessings; from free love, isolation with its sad train of want, crime, and wretchedness.

True love and free love are natural antagonisms, as truth and falsehood, love and hate, virtue and vice, and can by no possibility subsist in the same person.

The advocates of free love claim a new influx of light from the sciences of physiology and psychology. I look into these sciences and find them perfectly luminous indeed, but with light of a very different order, making theirs only darkness. Verily their illumination is from below. Its flames are lurid and smell of sulphur.

Its advocates claim free love as a great reform. It is a reform that makes the healthy sick, not the diseased well again. It is the delirium tremens of mad desire, in which the deluded victims fancy hissing serpents to be ministering angels. Its vicious doctrines are addressed to ignorance and passion, and propose, by denying its existence, to relieve mankind from

the restraints of virtue. Of all the fallacies taught in the name of reform, the one of bad eminence, both for its intrinsic viciousness and degrading effects, is this bawdyish beastliness baptized "free love."

For ten thousand years before its advent as a theory, low men and women of all countries and classes had been practically its ready converts. But the effrontery that raises crime into a virtue and exalts lust into a god has been reserved for the nineteenth century, and is indeed something new under the sun.

Whether judged by the logical consequences of its doctrines, or the practical effects among its advocates, this thing called free love is only viciousness with another name, and its influence is only to degrade. Sought in the name of liberty, it produces only libertines. Sought in the name of human right, it violates the most sacred of human obligations.

Marriage is the holiest relation known to man; and any attempt to destroy or weaken its ties, is a stabbing at the heart of human society.

## Anniversary in Philadelphia.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The thirty-ninth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was duly celebrated in this city by the First Association of Spiritualists, at their hall, 870 Spring Garden street, on Thursday, March 31st.

The proceedings comprised a supper and concert, each of which were conducted to their respective terminations to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. The hall was tastefully decorated with festoons of the national flag, and the platform was resplendent with a new crimson curtain, with gold-hued trimmings. The various supper tables were tastefully decorated with large and handsome bouquets of flowers, while the tableware was all that could be desired in the way of cutlery, china, glass, and napery. The comestibles were donated by various members and friends of the Society and our cause, and consisted of an array of substantial and delicacies that could not fail to please the most exacting so far as equality and variety went, while in quantity there was an abundance for all. A willing band of helpers conducted the various departments pertaining to the supper, among them being Mesdames Hand, Shuster, Thompson, Rex, Shunway, Benner and Fray, with Misses Hand, Bronson and Galloway; aided by Messrs. T. R. Hand, Capt. F. J. Keffer, J. R. Beale, J. C. Shuster, R. A. Thompson, Frank Fray, H. Huber, J. Shumway, W. Rex, J. S. Lanning, F. Eggert and J. P. Odgers. Not only did all the above work hard at the tables before, at the time, and after supper, but with others, whose names were unobtainable, they contributed money and materials for the banquet itself. Supper was served from 5 until 8:30 P. M., and the meal was partaken of by three hundred and seventy-five persons, all of whom expressed themselves as greatly delighted with the provision made for them.

Tables being cleared and removed, the concert commenced promptly at 9 o'clock. An entertaining program was provided, consisting of music, songs, tableaux and recitations, the artists being the Misses Todd and Alice Rutter, and Messrs. Rowbotham, Barr, Koch, Krosin, Woods, Cotter, Peterson, Benner, Odgers, Jagoes, and a selection of scholars from the Lyceum. The place of honor on the program being given to "our speaker," Mr. J. J. Morse, of England. Mr. Morse made an apropos speech, referring to our progress, the good desirable from Spiritualism, our duty to ourselves and our work, and bid us look hopefully forward to our future as one of activity and growth. His address, brief and pointed, delighted the large audience which was over five hundred strong at this time. He also read two selections in response to the vigorous recalls of the company.

Thus, in spite of threatened restrictive legislative action, and one of the worst snow storms of the season, our celebration was a complete success. Harmony, good fellowship, a spirit of brotherly love, and a consciousness of the presence of the invisibles, united to make it a thoroughly sociable gathering.

We are going on in our beautiful philosophy; looking back over each passing year we perceive pleasing progress, and each of us zealously doing our part, the next anniversary shall surely find us farther on the road of real progress than we are to-day. The event, so far as the First Society of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, Pa., is concerned, was an unequalled success, while the numbers present, the enthusiasm and zeal manifested, and the pleasant feeling pervading all present, combined to show that we are vigorously alive, full of determination to push forward, and more than grateful to the unseen hosts for the rich, ripe blessings they have brought in our hearts and lives. K.

PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR, the astronomer, is hereafter to be a citizen of Florida, having purchased a tract of land on Orange lake. He says the lower atmosphere of Florida is so clear that constellations stand out in wonderful brilliancy.

BROOKLYN proposes to build a library and monument as memorials of Henry Ward Beecher.

## Letter from Portland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your most excellent paper of the 19th ult., I notice that that most wonderful medium, Mrs. Ada Foye, is again in the field. Reading this notice I feel taken back into the days of Spiritualism when Benjamin Todd first visited Oregon, and was a sort of a John the Baptist in "the wilderness." On his second trip he was accompanied by this most remarkable medium. She and her husband both visited Salem, where I then resided, and I shall never forget the excitement it caused. The old court house where she gave her seances was packed night after night, hundreds coming in from the country to witness and investigate the manifestations. I do not think she failed in a single instance in anything she undertook.

One particular incident comes to my mind which I will relate: A committee was selected by the audience to conduct the investigations. One of the committee was Charles Swegle, a man noted for his positive character and great skepticism. The ballots had been distributed, written upon and collected, when, after several tests had been given, very much to the satisfaction of the audience, Mrs. Foye held up a ballot between her forefinger and thumb, and asked if the spirit whose name was on the ballot was present. This was followed by three loud, distinct raps. She said, "Will the spirit give us his name?" Again the answer was clear in the affirmative. "Shall we call the alphabet?" she said again. Again the answer was "Yes." As she was proceeding to do so she said: "The spirit is going to write his name," when she immediately commenced writing wrong end to and bottom side up, and so presented it to the committee. The name written was Mathias Swegle, which was at once acknowledged by Charles Swegle that it was the name of his father, but he doubted if that name was written on the closely folded paper held by Mrs. Foye. The ballot was handed by her to the committee, when unfolding the paper the same name was found written on it. Charles then said: "If this is you, father, can you tell me and the audience here what disease you died with, and where you died?" Mrs. Foye said, "There are two questions; let him answer the first question first," and directed him to think over in his mind several diseases, among which should be the correct disease, and write them down on paper. "I think," said she, "he will rap when you touch the correct one." Mr. Swegle was proceeding to do this when Mrs. Foye exclaimed, "He is going to write!" and she proceeded as before (bottom side up and wrong end to), and wrote us as follows: "I died of the brain fever after a short illness, on my farm three and a half miles northeast of Salem." This brought down the house, as the saying is, for many in the audience knew these were the facts; then many other questions were asked, both by Mr. Swegle and others, very much to the satisfaction of all present.

One other remarkable thing occurred worthy of mention. A spirit had responded to a name written on one of the ballots, by a Mr. Riggs. Among other things the spirit wrote out the year in which it passed over. This date Mr. Riggs disputed, when the spirit again wrote the year as before, declaring that he was certain. Mr. Riggs was equally certain, and said he would refer to the record in a certain Bible (the family Bible of the deceased) which was over in Polk, an adjoining county. The day following Mr. Riggs went and examined the record and came before the audience the next evening and acknowledged that the spirit was correct, and that he was mistaken. Many more equally startling tests were given by Mrs. Foye, and there is many a one in Oregon who can date their conversion to Spiritualism from the tests she gave at that early day. I think we need her in Portland just at this time.

C. A. REED.

A VERY useful, though little known, laboratory in Paris, is that devoted to anthropometry, as applied to the identification of criminals. It is popularly called the "feet-bureau." The reason for this peculiar name will be found farther on. In this laboratory, every criminal, when taken into custody, is submitted to a thorough anthropometrical examination. He is divested of all clothing, and the form and dimensions of his head, face, fingers, feet, body, etc., are accurately noted down, and his face is photographed. There is already a collection of some sixty thousand photographs; and how can any particular photograph in this large collection be quickly found when required? The photographs are divided into three groups, according to the age of the criminal. Each of these groups is subdivided into three classes, according to the height of the person. A further subdivision of these classes is based upon the length of the head; and a final subdivision is governed by the length of the feet, hence the name "feet-bureau." By this arrangement, any desired picture among the sixty thousand may be found in a moment; and on the back of it is a complete record of the criminal's past life, together with an accurate description of him. The bureau is very serviceable, the criminals being the only ones who find any fault with its workings.—*Science*.



(Continued from First Page.)

unto faith, and brought a new inspiration and revelation better than all others. It has swept the fire and brimstone out of hell, wrath out of the bosom of God, and fear out of the mind of man! It has dethroned the Devil, deposed the "angry," "jealous," and capricious Jehovah, and put in the place of both, the Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent Spirit, "in whom all live, move, and have a being," and through whom *all shall be blessed*, from the least unto the greatest."

Spiritualism has sounded the knell of every despotism, sung the requiem of every form of superstition and idolatry, and enthroned reason as the arbiter of all truth. It has declared nature to be the only "Word of God," and all Bibles to be but man's fallible inspirations, each adapted to its time and place, but all revealing more of man's finite ideas than of God's infallible truth. It has taught us to prepare to *live* not to die, to "work out our own salvation" from ignorance and sin, for there is no vicarious means of grace or growth.

It has revealed to us the innate divinity, and the infinite possibilities of every human being, and that angelhood will be evolved out of universal man and womanhood, through the law of progress and by personal effort. By its all-pervading influence it has greatly improved the preaching of the pulpit and the tone of the religious press. It has permeated and spiritualized literature, rationalized metaphysical philosophy, and opened a new world of life and force for the investigation of science. It has inspired and elevated woman, humbled the pride and arrogance of man, and taught the equality of both. It has stimulated thought, inspired invention, hastened progress, energized reform, inculcated honesty and charity, broken mental shackles, liberated slaves, spiritualized religion, and proclaimed equality, justice, liberty and love, as the inalienable rights of man; and their recognition in all the laws and institutions of the world, as the only palladium of individual, social, and national peace, prosperity, and happiness.

Though but a meagre synopsis of the incalculable good Spiritualism has done and is doing, this is surely enough to justify this occasion, and this assemblage, to do honor to an event of transcendent importance, and to inspire our gratitude to the beneficent power that has vouchsafed so many, and such valuable gifts and blessings to the human race.

We will close our tribute of love with the following lines, prepared for this occasion of joyful thanksgiving:

Of gala days men write as great  
On Time's memorial arch,  
We hold in highest estimate  
The thirty-first of March.

And now we meet to celebrate  
The day the "raps" began,  
In eighteen hundred forty-eight,  
To bring good news to man.

Those mystic "raps" the silence broke  
Of near two thousand years;  
'Twas then the Sphinx of Death awoke  
And spoke to mortal ears.

There came to earth that "dawning day,"  
A messenger of love,  
With news from spirits passed away  
To realms of light above.

Across the ether waves that roll  
Upon our earthly strand,  
The tidings flashed from pole to pole  
And spread o'er sea and land.

Those startling sounds have since been heard  
For nine and thirty years,  
And millions have by them been stirred  
To wipe away their tears.

The world shall greet this heavenly guest  
And gladly own its power;  
From north to south, from east to west  
'Twill bless its natal hour.

The fear of death we feel no more,  
Nor dread the silent grave;  
We've heard from those who've gone before,  
And that now makes us brave.

The "still, small voice" of those we love,  
We hear in every home;  
And angel watchers from above  
Protect where 'ere we roam.

They haunt our homes and give us "tests,"  
To prove they are not dead;  
And oft they answer our requests  
And bring the "living bread."

They teach us how we ought to live,  
And why this life was giv'n,  
And many precepts do they give  
To point our way to Heav'n.

Life's mission here, we once were told,  
Is God to glorify;  
But now we know, we here unfold  
Ourselves, for spheres on high.

This mortal form evolves the soul,  
Which is with spirit rife;  
Through death we reach a higher goal,  
And gain Eternal Life.

Through evolution's spiral way  
We then shall upward press;  
From sphere to sphere, as best we may,  
Forever we progress.

God-speed this truth throughout the world,  
Till all shall know its worth;  
Till error from its throne is hurled,  
In every soul on earth.

Though men of science scorn our facts,  
Or look with eyes askance,  
The truth needs not their scornful acts,  
But will despite advance.

Though press and pulpit both assail,  
The truth shall firmly stand;  
"The gates of hell shall not prevail"  
To stop its progress grand.

Its hour of triumph is not far,  
Its foes now stand at bay;  
The hosts who come through "gates ajar,"  
Will surely win the day.

Exultant joy fills all the earth  
This day of jubilee,  
For millions know that death is birth,  
And life—Eternity!

Then strike your harps, ye angel choirs,  
And wake the seraph strains;  
Let earth respond with tuneful wires  
From mountains, seas, and plains.

As angels sang when Christ was born  
Among the sons of men,  
So may they greet this joyous morn  
When he has come again.

As morning stars in primal time  
Sang at Creation's birth,  
So let them now, in strains sublime,  
Greet this new Heav'n and Earth!

### Philosophy of Spirit Influences.

[From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

Regarding the ability and desire to return, on the part of spirits who have long years ago passed into the higher life, I would say that my research has furnished me with very little real light on the subject. I have heard it said that in rare cases the spirits of those who passed into the "land of shadows" (so called) before Christ's time even, have been known to return and demonstrate their presence for some special purpose. But I have never, in my experience, come in contact with any of those spirits, and while I do not venture to express any decided opinion, should consider it indeed a *rara avis* the revisiting of the earth after so long a lapse of time. Notwithstanding, I do not attempt to deny the authenticity of one manifesting himself under the name of one of those olden-time men or women. As regards those of a later period, but still of long absence from earth (as earthly years should count), I do not doubt that they might be attracted backward.

As far as I can find out, and judge from my own feelings, when all those in whom one's interests center, when the issues of life and death no longer have a personal interest, as the soul expands, and the higher planes open before its eyes, as it studies and receives information from many sources of the life that ascending higher and higher, step by step, is fitted to ascend, moves ever upward in the spirit life, the thoughts and desires that attracted and animated it during its earthly life, and while on the lower planes, fade first into insignificance, then are displaced to make room for the new ideas that constantly come to us on our own upward march.

There are things connected with the spiritual life that can not be explained,—that mortals must wait to have revealed to them, until they, too, have passed the "border line" into Eternity; and even then, many live for years with their spiritual sight darkened by the strong impressions they brought with them, induced by their life and belief while in earth-life. They "see through a glass darkly" until such time as the light can be brought to their notice. Many a soul fails to find "Heaven" the place of their hopes. Many are bitterly disappointed, as one sometimes is when going to a place before unseen, but dreamed of as being all that was beautiful, calm, without shadow, and finding that their dreams were too visionary to be realized, and that the "stern realities of life" still followed and forced themselves upon their notice.

Those who desire information upon the future life of the spirit, must endeavor to look upon it in a practical light, to use their reason, and not expect that change of form means instantaneous change of nature, for should they so expect, they will be grievously disappointed in finding the Heaven they had dreamed of only life without the body, with physical conditions exchanged for spiritual conditions, many of which appear to them even more arbitrary than those of earth, and quite as inexorable. And still, those of pure lives and high aspirations will find them all realized in good time, when the spirit has progressed sufficiently in knowledge to be able to adopt them.

The dark side of the future life is as painful to contemplate as the dark side of earthly life. And those that enter into that plane of existence have many struggles and much to learn before they can advance into the light, and really know what it is to *live*.

Whatever will benefit mankind, whether in earth or spirit-life, is greatly to be desired, and should be helped forward with hearty good will by all who believe in progression, whether the measure proposed meets with their unqualified approval in all its phases or not. "What's in a name," provided the cause be a good one and the motive pure? Take hold, with all your heart, of anything that is calculated to uplift and uphold humanity, and live up to your religion—to help yourself in helping others to progress.

WM. G. CLAYTON.

MISS FAIRWEATHER, M. D., of Chicago, has been offered the post of lady doctor at the Medical School for women at Agra; and the number of pupils has increased from six to sixty. The Female Hospital at Allahabad has made an excellent start, and Lucknow is doing its best to rival the neighboring capital. Women physicians are appropriate in India.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right.—Abraham Lincoln.

### WHAT THE PRESS SAY.

Mr. Fred Evans' Exhibition of Independent Slate-Writing in San Diego.

[San Diego Union, April 7, 1887.]

Fred Evans, the noted slate-writing medium, who will exhibit his powers at Leach's Opera House this evening, gave a private seance to representatives of the press last evening in his private rooms. Mr. Evans is a young man. He was for years a sailor, shipping from Liverpool before the mast. His remarkable gifts were discovered in San Francisco by Mrs. Ada Foye. He has since been cultivating his powers, and has the reputation of being the best in his line in the world.

The newspaper men, all eyes and pencils, seated themselves around a table, Mr. Evans taking his seat among them. Slates were washed and dried to the satisfaction of everybody. These were then bound together and sealed with wax, a bit of pencil being placed between them. A representative of each paper took hold of the slates and gripped them tightly. Two or three single slates were thrown upon the floor, with a bit of pencil near them. All then remained silent and anxious. Soon a mysterious little scratching could be heard, and after a short time the slates on the floor were picked up. One contained a message from Prof. H. B. Norton, of the Normal School, exhorting those present to believe in spirit power. It was beautifully written.

Another, in various colored pencils, was from J. Benjamin, an uncle of one of the reporters present. One of the sealed slates was then unbound. It contained ten "messages," written in patch-work style. Mr. Bishop, of the *Sun*, was astonished to see his mother's name attached to a short paragraph in one corner, which read:

God bless you, my boy. I am glad to come back and give you these few lines as a test of spirit power. C. VESTLE.

In a bold hand on one side of the slate was written:

Levi Goodrich is here, and sends kind love to his wife and friends. LEVI GOODRICH.

Harr Wagner, of the *Golden Era*, received a communication, which read:

Harr, my dear boy, with the assistance of other kind spirits, I am enabled to send love to you and Madge; also, best wishes for your future happiness and success. Madge's daughter is also here. This from your mother, ELIZABETH WAGNER.

There were other messages of the same import to others of the reporters. The *Union* representative was set down as a confirmed sceptic. He could not get into communication even with the spirit of John Doe, but the medium consoled him with the remark that he would make a fine medium himself with cultivation. He, however, received some messages to convey to others in the office.

Whatever may be believed of the cause of these manifestations of power of some kind, they were certainly wonderful. The utmost alertness was unavailing to detect any trickery. Mr. Evans even made crosses on the slates, and these were found to be written over instead of under, as would have been the case had there been chemicals or invisible writing upon the slates. An unusually sharp lot of eyes watched proceedings, and found no cause of complaint. It is certainly worth seeing, to say the least.

[San Diego Daily Bee, April 7, 1887.]

At a seance given by Mr. Fred Evans last evening for members of the press of San Diego, the following message, written in four colors, red, blue, yellow and white, was received by C. Y. Benjamin, business manager of *The Bee*, and one of its two proprietors:

I give you these few lines as a test of spirit power, and I wish to assure you that your present undertaking will prove a success, for it will lead you to better things. Wishing to add another item to this truth of spirit return, I remain yours in spirit, J. BENJAMIN.

The slate upon which this message appeared was thoroughly cleansed with a dampened sponge and then rubbed dry with a cloth. The medium then took a pencil and made two large and distinct marks on each side of the slate in the form of a cross, and stated that the message, if one appeared, would be written in four different colors and over the marks in white made by the slate pencil. Placing a small bit of pencil upon the table, the slate was laid over it. A moment afterwards the slate was picked up by Mr. Evans and the above communication disclosed.

Messages were also produced upon the inner surfaces of two sealed slates, laid upon the table, under the watchful eyes of all present, no hands touching them except those of the five gentlemen of the press, selected to see that no juggling or sleight of hand tricks were indulged in. *The Bee* representative had a back seat, and so cannot be accused of putting up a job on his less fortunate brethren of the quill. Upon another slate, cast upon the floor some distance from the medium, ten messages were quickly produced by some mysterious agency, and when read to the assembled gatherers of news, each one was found to have received a brief communication. Another slate was filled with a communication, signed by H. B. Norton, late principal of the State Normal School, at San Jose. Another slate, placed upon the mantel and out of the reach of Mr. Evans, was also filled with

writing in colors, similar to that received by *The Bee's* representative, and was signed "John Gray," spirit guide of the medium.

[The Daily San Diegoan, April 7, 1887.]

Hon. J. J. Owen, editor of the *GOLDEN GATE*, San Francisco, and Mr. Fred Evans, the noted slate-writing medium, invited the press of the city to be present, last evening, at a test in the line of slate-writing. At eight o'clock, each press in the city was represented, and at a few minutes after the time, the medium made ready to commence his seance. It was not a dark seance, but what transpired was in the light. Mr. Owen explained that the object was to study the occult question before the meeting, with the announcement that Mr. Evans would appear at Leach's Opera House to-night and to-morrow evening, on which occasions he will take pleasure in making his gift known to those who may favor him with their presence, and adding that he desired all to watch the tests and make up their conclusions from what might be brought before them. During the evening the tests were produced with two slates well sealed and placed on the table with the hands of the staffs there to "catch on" touching them. One was carelessly thrown off in one corner of the room, and another lodged on the mantel-piece some distance from the table, all having first been washed and rubbed clean and dry. In a little time the slates all contained writings—messages to those present, some in plain white words or lines and some variegated between white, red and blue. A message signed by H. B. Norton, directed to all as "dear friends," congratulated them on being present to examine this mysterious what-ever-it-is, but declaring as true the "grand truth of Spiritualism," and intimating the difficulties in so doing. We watched as close as we could, but detected no sort of trick. Out of dozens of messages it is useless to more than allude to them, omitting names. Go to-night and see Mr. Evans and catch him if you can.

[San Diego Bee, April 8th.]

Leach's Opera House was well filled last evening, on which occasion Fred Evans, the noted slate-writing medium, gave his first public exhibition in this city.

J. J. Owen opened the meeting with an address, in which he spoke of Spiritualism as the only proof of man's immortality. He said that different religious systems had affirmed that the soul was immortal, but only through spirit phenomena could such a truth be demonstrated. He said it was no more wonderful that some peculiarly constructed person should be gifted with certain occult powers than that a simple blade of grass should grow. No fact of nature could be explained. Mr. Owen spoke earnestly, and with such evident conviction that he produced a decided impression upon the audience.

Upon the close of Mr. Owen's address the audience were allowed to appoint a committee to examine into the *modus operandi* and detect an evidence of fraud. The members of this committee who were selected by vote, were Col. Welden, District Attorney J. D. Copeland, and Col. C. G. Hubbard. The committee carefully examined and washed the slates, after which they sat down with the medium around a common table, part of the furniture of the house, when after an interval, during which a lady played some gentle music on the piano, three of the six slates were found covered with writing, apparently done by spirit hands. A number of people in the audience received communications from departed friends, and several messages were sent to outside citizens. Among those receiving messages were Harr Wagner of the *Golden Era*, Mrs. Clara Foltz, and C. Y. Benjamin of *The Bee*, who was again assured of success in his present venture. Upon one of the slates was a marvelously executed likeness of Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia. The slates with messages upon them will be on exhibition to-day at Chase's drug store where they will be open to inspection. The committee all declared themselves unable to account for the phenomena; and Col. Welden stated that having had considerable experience as a sleight of hand performer, and had studied the exhibitions of the greatest magicians he had seen nothing like this. He explained a slate trick performed by himself and showed how different it was from Mr. Evans' tests.

Mr. Evans will give another exhibition this evening, on which occasion our citizens would do well to turn out, and witness his wonderful manifestations of occult power, as this may be the last opportunity of witnessing the display of his powers.

BEECHER'S BIOGRAPHY.—In a letter to the *Tribune* C. L. Webster & Co. say: "Beecher contemplated writing his autobiography for us and he had collected his notes and papers and made various memoranda to be used in writing his work. These letters and papers will be used as the basis of a biography by his son, William C. Beecher; and his son-in-law, Samuel Scovell, and his wife, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. Mrs. Beecher and her family are largely interested in the profits of the work."

TO BE ABLE to fix the thoughts or the attention exclusively upon one subject, and to keep them there without wavering as long as is necessary, is a most important element of success in every occupation.

### Spiritualism and Spiritualists in San Diego, Cal.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Be kind enough to allow me to say a few words in your paper, to let friends know how Spiritualism is progressing in the beautiful town of San Diego. We are, indeed, having a revival of Spiritualism in our midst. My attention has been called to two communications in the *GOLDEN GATE* of April 2d, one by Mrs. Julia E. Curyea, taken from the *National City Record*, the other by N. F. Ravlin, neither of which give all that can be said regarding our progress here.

There have been many causes for this revival. First of all was the organizing of the First Spiritual Society of San Diego establishing a nucleus around which Spiritualists could rally. A hall was rented and Mrs. W. M. King, a trance speaker and a resident of this place, occupied the platform; and both Mr. and Mrs. King were always found at work, pay or no pay; their home is always open for all mediums or speakers that visit our city; they are on the watch-tower, wide awake, guarding the interests of our little society. They will long be remembered by the Spiritualists of this place for their work. Mrs. King's lectures are of a high character, ever leading onward and upward.

Mrs. Bushyhead is another earnest worker who is continually looking out for the interest of the Spiritualists of this place. The Society had begun to grow in influence and numbers when Mr. W. J. Colville came among us last Fall. Everything was ready for a revival when he came, and he won many friends and did a great work. The people came for miles to hear him, and his return will be looked for with pleasure by many in this city.

After his departure Mrs. King again occupied the platform and carried the good work on until Mr. N. F. Ravlin came to San Diego, and the Spiritualists are more than glad that he came. He took up the good work from the day he came, and has worked like tiger ever since. His last evening's lecture was the best he has given. He is never still, but always on the wing. He is working for a spiritual temple, a place where Spiritualists can meet without paying tribute, a place that we can call home, for which, when accomplished, we shall be indebted to Brother Ravlin more than to any one else. He takes no part in quarrels, but, like a peacemaker, he strives to unite opponents on a friendly basis, and I think he will succeed. Certainly he has won the love of all that know him here, and long may he dwell with us; although a new convert to spiritualism, he speaks like an old warrior.

Mrs. Julia E. Curyea is also among us, and I cannot speak too highly in her praise as a medium and a writer, having known her for the past ten years. Old readers of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* will recollect her Christmas stories, who, then, by the name of Julia E. Burns, wrote so well. Many will remember the story of Old Mother Sapp, of Ky., who lost six sons in war, and then the seventh left, a lad of sixteen. After awhile the captain wrote back telling of his death. Mrs. Burns was a little girl at that time and could not write a word, yet her hand taking a pencil wrote that the boy was not dead, but would return on Christmas day. How they anxiously waited and how he returned, no one can read the account without shedding tears. Mrs. Curyea is a splendid medium, and she works for the cause for almost nothing. Many a searcher has found the light through her; many a "God bless you" has been sent her.

HENRY H. NICHOLS,  
Secretary of First Society of Spiritualists.  
SAN DIEGO, April 4th, 1887.

AN ELECTRIC WELL.—A. L. Hillman, the discoverer and proprietor of the famous electric well, was in the city yesterday. He has dug a new shaft on a line with the old one, but much more extensive. The new shaft is fifty feet long and fifteen feet high. At the back of it is a solid wall of iron pyrites and alum. This combination is supposed to furnish the powerful electric force that performs such wonders. By the first of May there will be accommodations for pilgrims who are already anxious to make the trip. They will come from all parts of the country. Mr. Hillman says that neuralgia as well as rheumatism is speedily dispelled by this well, and that any case of nausea, within the power of human aid, will be cured by drinking the water from the old shaft. There is in this city to-day a gentleman named Meads, from Mobley Ponds, who has forsaken crutches for the first time in many years, after a brief experience at the well.—*Augusta Chronicle*.

"You put your foot in it nicely to-night," said Mrs. Sweetspeech. "How is that?" asked her husband. "When you told Mrs. Fourthly that you were sure her husband would never go the way he sent other people." "Well, and what of that?" "Why, her husband is a preacher." "Zounds! I thought he was a sheriff."

Tort, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the purpose.—*Sterling*.



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1887.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Yesterday twenty-two years ago the thrilling announcement went over the land that President Lincoln had been struck down by the hand of an assassin. Only ten days before he had walked the streets of Richmond, even then meditating some act of kindness towards the friends of a fallen cause. It was the nature of Lincoln to forgive. When hostilities had ceased, he, who had never flinched in the darkest hour to send forth the flag with every one of its stars in the field, was now eager to receive his erring countrymen in the arms of charity and forgiveness. Three days before his death he had declared his desire that "the elective franchise were now conferred on the very intelligent of the colored men, and on those of them who served our cause as soldiers," but he wished the privilege to be freely given by the States themselves. The last day of his eventful life seemed to be more than usually full of sunshine, for he had just sent forth his friendly greeting to all the people on the close of the war and return of peace. In the midst of these bright hopes and kindly feeling he was smitten down. And yet not without warning had he recognized the voice of the unseen whisperer, for it is said that all day he felt the creeping on of a vague, indefinable shadow and was disinclined to go out in the evening, but his friends regarded the melancholy mood as a slight reaction after so much joyous excitement and persuaded him to forget the cares of State for an hour.

Lincoln's name has grown in luster with the lapse of time. He had faith in the moral intuitions of the people, and a rare faculty in discovering those intuitions. He did not run ahead of public thought; he never lagged behind it. He excelled all his contemporaries, and the most eminent rulers of every time in the humanity of his nature, and in the supremacy of reason over passion and feeling. In the art of dealing with men; in fortitude undisturbed by the most gloomy adversity; in capacity for delay when action was fraught with peril, and prompt decision when delays were dangerous, he had peers but no superiors.

But his great place in history is due to the fact that he had the courage to write liberty for an enslaved race on the banners of armies of armies at a time when the measure was opposed by a strong minority of the party that had placed him in power, for fear of alienating the Union sentiments of the border States.

A splendid mausoleum has been erected over his dust at Oak Ridge Cemetery, near Springfield, Ill., but the most durable monument may perish. The storms of Winter may blow and beat upon it; the elements may soil and corrode it; an earthquake may shake its foundations; but his memory is embalmed imperishably in the hearts of a grateful and loving people.

MRS. WHITNEY'S MEETINGS.—Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, is occupied for the present by Mrs. J. J. Whitney. On last Sunday evening this popular medium was greeted by an audience of over eight hundred. After music by Mrs. Carrie Minor and Mr. Maguire, Mrs. Whitney gave a brief account of her own marvelous development and then proceeded to give evidences of the presence of many departed spirits. She gave over sixty tests, giving names, cause and locality of death, and their relationship to persons in the hall and other minutiae, proving that the information given was from unseen intelligences. We advise all who have not yet attended these meetings to avail themselves of so grand a privilege. The meetings will be continued every Sunday evening until further notice. Mrs. Whitney goes East the coming Summer and we bespeak for her a cordial reception wherever she may appear, as we understand it is her intention to give seances and we doubt not she will receive, as she merits, the approbation of all who are in search of truth.

—Hall's Journal of Health for April gives on its first page an ably written article on "Occult Forces," the illustration of which is an engraving of the wonderful slate containing twelve languages obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans and published in the GOLDEN GATE of Dec. 18, 1886. This slate has attracted a great deal of attention from thinking classes everywhere. It has been copied in various spiritualistic journals in America and Europe, and commented on by many secular papers. There are other interesting articles in this number of the above-mentioned journal pertaining to the moral and physical nature of man, which, if observed and practiced, would benefit him greatly.

## ON THE WING.

Mission of Fred Evans and the Editor of the Golden Gate to Southern California.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

SAN DIEGO, April 10, 1887.

It is grand to live in such an age as this—an age of wonderful things—of the triumphs of steam, of electricity, of spiritual and intellectual unfoldment. How unlike the dreamy past in everything save in the operation and workings of Nature's unchanging laws. Had some fairy said to me in the long ago, when early manhood, with its rose-tinted hopes and eager ambitions, first dawned upon my life, and my dreams of the future were bright and golden with the glory of being, "My son, the evening of thy days and of a busy life will be spent in a land by a far-away sea, devoted to the spread of a religious philosophy that shall have for its basis the positive proof of the existence of the spirit of man as a conscious entity beyond the gateway of death,"—had some fairy or prophet said this to me, it would have seemed a monumental fiction. So, too, it would have seemed to the bright young sailor boy of a half dozen years ago, had some priestess of the future predicted that ere long there would come to him a gift upon the marvelous demonstrations of which the world would look and wonder. How truly we can say—

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

A trip by sea from San Francisco to San Diego has been too often told, and is really of too humdrum a character to be interesting. It is perhaps enough to say that the steamers are the best of their kind, with all the modern conveniences; the officers are polite and efficient; the tables are excellent, and, to the lasting credit of the managers, be it said, there is no bar on board—that abominable nursing school of drunkenness and vice! Not that wines and liquors may not be had upon application to the steward, but they are not set constantly before one as a temptation to the young and idle. We have noticed that it is usually the old toper, or the moderate drinker on the down grade, that ever orders his poison by the bottle.

Drifting out upon the ocean, though but for a brief journey—away from the tear-dimmed eyes of those one loves—away from familiar faces and scenes,—out upon the rolling waste of waters,—a plaything of the waves,—it is unlike a journey one takes by land, that there is always a touch of sadness in it for me. It is so typical of the journey we must all take, sooner or later, over the dark waters whose billows break forever on the silent shores of Death. And yet I enjoy a voyage by sea, as I never do a journey by land. I love to be rocked to sleep upon its mighty bosom. One can get nearer to the Infinite Heart upon the ocean than upon the land, for it is there one must necessarily feel more dependent upon the sustaining arm of the Infinite One.

We left San Francisco at 2 P. M., Sunday, April 3d, (Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans and the writer) stopping a brief while, the following morning, at Port Harford, and by 2 P. M. of the same day we were at beautiful Santa Barbara, where we tarried for six hours. Here we were met by a committee of the saints, and a carriage placed at our disposal for a ride about the city. Mrs. Evans was presented with a basket of elegant flowers, and our stay in the city was made most delightful. To those staunch and true standard bearers of the gospel of Spiritualism, Brothers Maxwell, Barber and Morris, and also to Mrs. Morris, we owe our heartfelt gratitude for a brief season of delight. We drove out to the old Mission Church, and out and in among the pretty villas of the town. The boom of improvement is here, as everywhere else along the Southern Pacific Coast, and the sound of the hammer and the saw make rich melody in the ears of the festive land owner with lots to sell.

Another long stop at San Pedro, and a few hours later we are at San Diego, where lots are selling for forty thousand dollars, more or less, with the climate and bay thrown in! Five years have elapsed since my last visit to this city; and behold the change! The city has more than doubled in population during that period, and is at present extending in all directions. Magnificent business blocks and elegant private residences are springing up on every side, and that good time coming of which the ancient San Diego so fondly dreamed, seems at last to be here. Well, we rejoice in her prosperity. After all, what can there be attractive about a home or a country where life is made a constant agony between Summer's heat and Winter's cold,—or where the gaunt specters of Fever and Pestilence brood over the land?

Dr. Wm. H. King, the eminent magnetic healer, to whom and his good wife we are everlastingly indebted for many favors, was on hand to meet and conduct us to the comfortable quarters he had provided for us, and soon we were in the midst of expectant friends.

Of the cause of Spiritualism in San Diego, of its faithful workers, and of their plans for future work, I shall speak at length in my next letter. The balance of my proposed space in this letter must be given to our own matters.

In the face of the ignorance, prejudice and defiant skepticism prevailing everywhere concerning our facts, it is no light undertaking to go before the public and attempt to prove the truths of Spiritualism. We know of no medium in the world to-day who can face this skepticism so grandly as can Mr. Fred Evans, and demonstrate the slate-writing phase of the spiritual phenomena.

Upon the evening following our arrival here, twelve representatives of the press met at our rooms and were given a private test seance by Mr. Evans. Eleven of the number present received messages from their spirit friends within slates prepared, sealed, and held in their own hands. While seated around the table, Mr.

Evans placed a cross upon the surface of a slate that all saw had first been thoroughly cleaned, and then under their own eyes and hands a message was written thereon in four colors, the writing showing plainly where it crossed the white lines that it was written over the cross. Other equally astonishing evidences of spirit power were given, and all declared through their respective daily journals—the *Union*, *Sun*, *San Diegoan* and *Bee*—that they could detect no deception.

Our first public meeting was given at Leach's Opera House last evening, and notwithstanding a heavy rain-storm prevailed, there was a goodly attendance. Three slates of messages were obtained, and one slate with a fine likeness of Dr. Rush. Upon the latter slate also appeared eight messages to members of the audience. There were fifty-four messages in all, from a single name up to a message of fifty and sixty words.

One of the gentlemen upon the committee chosen by the audience—a Mr. Welden—stated that he had been before the public as a performer of leggerdism, and that if it was a trick he had witnessed it was the finest "upon the boards" to-day. He showed to the audience how he and others of his profession produced what they called spirit writing, and declared that Mr. Evans' writing was done in no such way, and he was unable to tell how it was done!

The pair of slates first sealed and held longest by the committee contained no writing, a circumstance which another member of the committee could not understand. Neither do we, although we might present a theory thereof which all enlightened Spiritualists would understand. Time was required to harmonize the conditions and prepare the way for the writing. The positive conditions surrounding the first slate made it easier for the spirits to write upon the slates that were prepared and sealed a few minutes later, perhaps.

It is not a question of the ability of the spirits to overcome all hostile elements or magnetisms; but rather, Can they produce writing under any conditions? If committees will be reasonably passive and receptive to the truth, Mr. Evans' psychographic control, John Gray, will give them all the evidence they need.

And now I will say to the dear readers of the GOLDEN GATE, and to the one above all others in charge of the paper during my absence, may the angels love you. Good-bye till next week.

J. J. O.

## HIS LITTLE SISTER.

It is recorded of a certain great-hearted Scotch preacher, that while walking along the streets of Edinburgh one day, he saw a little girl in front of him, carrying a great, heavy child, almost as big as herself. The arms of the little carrier whitened and were strained with the intensity of the effort to sustain the heavy burden, and the childish feet tottered beneath it.

Laying a kind, fatherly hand on the girl's shoulder, the good preacher said, in a commiserating tone, "My child, that is a very heavy load for you to carry." The child looked up with flashing eyes of reproachful surprise and said, simply:

"Why, its my little brother! He's not heavy."

Standing at the corner of one of our thoroughfares, recently, waiting upon a street car, I overheard the comments of a group of young men, fashionably and tastefully dressed, who had posed near me, evidently with the sole intention of criticising the faces and figures of the young ladies who were on promenade.

The character of the criticisms was expressed in language—so coarse and foul, as though they were dissecting the fine points of an animal whose only destiny was to minister to their sensual gratification, that my heart burned within me for very shame.

It has not yet been many years since those young men were cradled in the arms of tender, loving mothers, and shared the nursery with little sisters whose virtue was as pure as snow. Doubtless, to-day, a simple love, or pride in sin, would cause them to hurl back, even an innuendo against the chastity of their mothers or sisters as an insult not to be tolerated; and yet, in cold blood, as though it were the merest pastime, they were flinging the slime of their unrighteous thoughts and speculations upon some other man's sister or daughter.

Oh, I thought, if every young man would just get into the way of saying to himself of every young woman with whom he is thrown in contact, whether in the drawing-room or factory, the home or shop, the car or the street, "She is my little sister," how it would lighten the burden of self-control that manhood throws upon him, and how the lower and mortal instincts would be taken up and fulfilled in the higher and immortal!

Says Ruskin, that prince of pure thought: "Whosoever else you deceive, whosoever you leave unaided, you must not deceive, or injure, nor leave unaided according to your power, any woman whatever, of whatever rank." Every virtue of the highest phase of manly character begins and ends in this—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens, in truth and reverence, or truth and pity to all womanhood.

On this matter of your conduct toward women, my brother, the whole tone of your character depends. The Christ that is within you—although the door of His sepulcher may still be shut to your vision—bids you reverence the womanly in every woman as you do the mother who gave you birth. If, perchance, some be fast and giddy, if her foot has slipped and she has lost, through great temptation, or wrong education, respect for herself, oh, young man, if you have an ounce of true manhood in you, say, as you gaze upon her ripe beauty or seductive charms, "She is my little sister; she does not in the least realize the danger she is in, and I must get between her and the edge of the precipice, and see she comes to no harm." For—

"The woman's cause is man's,  
They rise or sink together,  
Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

## ETERNAL TORMENT.

Rev. Dr. Crary, editor of the California *Christian Advocate*, read a paper before the Methodist preachers' weekly meeting a few days ago, in which he maintained that the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent is a cardinal doctrine of the Church, and should be rigorously taught; that Methodism could have no sympathy with the prevailing disposition to soften down and fritter away the doctrine of eternal retribution. Of all the terrible superstitions of the world this is the most hideous, and yet all these preachers agreed that the worm that never dies and the fire that never is quenched may be found in the Sermon on the Mount and in the heart of Infinite Love, and should be preached in all the fervor of the past.

There is a fresco in the great monastery of Pavia which Lecky says might be regarded as the emblem of the age. It represents a monk with clasped hands, and with expressions of agonizing terror upon his countenance, gazing over into the gulf of woe, straining his vision to catch sight of the suffering of the lost. Now let us place Dr. Crary at that spot. The drama of time has ended. The scene of earthly probation has closed. Hell is filled with its mighty army of wrecked prisoners, the walls are high, the iron-gates fast barred, and over the midnight of the damned looms no star of hope. Now, dear Doctor, if you had the power to transform this awful storm of agony into happiness and peace by a word, would you not do it? Why, of course you would. Well, are you better than God?

It is one of the glowing conceptions of Mr. Alyer, that if there was but one soul doomed to eternal torment, and that the wickedest soul that ever lived, there would be a petition reaching from Sirius to Aleyone, signed by a universe of moral beings, borne by a convoy of angels representing every orb in space praying God to forgive and release that soul. Can it be possible that every soul in the universe has a tenderer heart than the Infinite Father of all mind? No, it cannot be!

But this ancient doctrine of eternal torment is evidently dying out, and the best proof is the fact, that those who prefer to believe it do not act as if they believed it. A man who sincerely believed that doctrine would be utterly miserable. How could a man with one spark of generous feeling in his soul look on his wife, children, friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens dangling on the brittle thread of life over eternal woe and take one moment's pleasure? Only a heart of stone could do so. What would be thought of a man who could dance and sing, drink wine and indulge in laughter, while in the next room were men and women, his own parents and children, lacerated by surgical instruments, blistered and cauterized their wails and shrieks falling on his ear? Why, a tender-hearted man can hardly stand by and see a tooth pulled. And yet only think what these preachers are doing. According to their theology the way to heaven is narrow and few there be that find it, while the way to hell is broad and crowded with travelers; and yet they go about the streets and places of business laughing and joking with people on the road to eternal horror, and often wind up a discussion on hell with a good dinner spiced with clerical wit and pungent anecdotes.

Perhaps there is no one thing that delights the average preacher more than to be invited to perform the marriage rite. There is not only a fee in it but the chance of making two souls happy. But if their doctrine of the future is true it is their duty to discourage the whole business. To beget a child doomed to such a fearful risk is a crime that outweighs a thousand murders. If the doctrine of eternal punishment be true, an eternity in hell is an infinite evil, and to be the means of thrusting an immortal soul into such a gulf of woe is a crime the depth of which the mathematics of men nor angels can calculate. Better let the light on the marriage altar die out, the orange blossoms wither, no children adorn hall nor cottage, the race grow old and perish, and the old earth roll a desolate sepulcher among the stars resonant with the shriek of winds and the howl of storms.

WEDNESDAY EVENING MEETINGS.—The second regular Wednesday evening meeting of the re-organized spiritual society held at St. Andrews Hall, 111 Larkin street, showed most gratifying progress. The leading features were the masterly address of Dr. Peet on the "Uses of Spiritualism to our Daily Life," followed by clairvoyant diagnosis of disease by Miss Anna Johnson. On Wednesday, April 20th, Judge Swift in the chair, Mr. Fair will deliver a thirty minutes' address. Subject: "From Darkness to the Light," to be followed by a seance. The object of this society is to cultivate true spirituality, and to assist in every way the true investigator as distinct from the mere curiosity hunter. It is confidently expected that the highest phases of mediumship will here be displayed in the near future, and the highest inspirational efforts. All are invited. Doors open free.

—The "little pastor," at Metropolitan Temple, was unable to appear at her post of duty last Sunday evening, owing to a slight throat difficulty from which she was suffering. We hope,

however, it may have entirely disappeared ere this, and she will be rested and refreshed for her future labors.

## MR. COLVILLE'S NEW BOOK.

Mr. Colville's book, "The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," is a notable contribution to the metaphysical literature of the day. It is a neatly bound volume of 218 pages, set in large type, containing twelve chapters on the various subjects pertaining to mental healing, and a short personal sketch of the author, compiled from a narrative by Charles Blackie Moncrieff.

In the preface Mr. Colville says that "This little work has been prepared in great haste amid a multitude of pressing duties." That "the main object of the work is, however, to stimulate inquiry, awaken earnest thought, and remove prejudice and misconception. To the liberal, fair-minded and aspiring elements in the world's population this work is earnestly and lovingly dedicated and addressed."

It is "the liberal, fair-minded and aspiring souls" that this book will especially appeal and become an aid to stimulate thought; and no unprejudiced person can carefully read its pages and not have a better understanding of the laws governing his or her own being, and how to live a better and purer life. Mr. Colville believes that all human improvement to be of lasting good must begin at the true source of all being, the soul, and by a right understanding of the laws which govern the soul realm, and by bringing man in complete rapport with the divine force in the universe, he can so master the elements of his material structure as to overcome the ills of physical suffering.

Among the subjects discussed in this volume are: "The Fact and Fallacies of Mind-Cure," "Prayer as a Healing Agent," "Spiritual Science as Related to Mesmerism and Magnetism," "Love as a Healing Agent," etc., "Mind Reading, Thought Transference and Kindred Phenomena," "Practical Suggestions for Students Commencing Practice," "Hereditary Influences," etc., "How to Apply the Principles of Spiritual Science in Practical Treatment."

This book will be found to be of great value to all who practice the divine art of healing, whether under the name of mind-cure, spirit-cure, Christian science, or whatsoever they may please to call it, as well as to the novice in spiritual science and all who are searching for light regarding the power of mind over matter.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The pleasant face of our staunch friend, I. C. Steele, of Pescadero, beamed in upon us on Wednesday last.

—To the great delight of most of San Francisco Spiritualists the new charter was overwhelmingly defeated on Tuesday last.

—We regret that we are unable to supply the demand made for our last issue, of April 9th, but it is entirely exhausted. We have increased our order this week, and will not be so short again.

—Our worthy president, Hon. Amos Adams, is able to be out again, and dropped into our sanctuary on Tuesday for a few moments. Although he is still weak he is looking well and is rapidly convalescing.

—Mr. W. F. Furney and John R. D'Oyly, two of the four young men who met a watery grave on Sunday last, were much interested in spiritual matters, and were regular attendants at spiritual meetings in this city. Their bodies have not yet been found.

—Mrs. F. Seal has located on this side of the bay and can now be consulted at 108 Sixth street, San Francisco. She is said to be an excellent medium, and most worthy lady. We hope she will meet with her share of patronage during this harvest-time in this city.

—The First Progressive Spiritual Association of Oakland has completed its organization and is now holding regular Sunday evening services at Curtis Hall, on Sixth street, near Market. That grand, spirited worker, Sister Miller, will occupy their platform next Sunday evening.

—Mrs. Ada Foye held her usual Sunday evening seance, at Washington Hall which was comfortably filled. Mrs. Clark gave some excellent musical selections, after which, Mrs. Foye gave a few minutes address; which was followed by a seance for ballet and other tests such as this eminent medium always gives. The raps came loud and clear and could be heard distinctly in all parts of the hall. These manifestations are exceedingly satisfactory. Mrs. Foye will hold services at same place next Sunday evening.

—The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, hold their services in the evenings, only, at Metropolitan Temple, Fifth street. Last Sunday evening, Mr. Lidel Baker, nephew of the eloquent Col. Baker occupied the platform. He spoke about forty-five minutes on "A lesson in history" which was greatly enjoyed by the goodly number present. On closing he said: "If there is one thing more than another that these things teach it is tolerance. That is the lesson. Let us not seek to crush out the opinions of others by the iron heel of power, because if these opinions are true they will live, and if false they will themselves die." During the evening Miss Joy sang several solos which were heartily encored.

—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists, that holds regular Sunday afternoon services at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, held their annual meeting at 2 o'clock Sunday, April 10th. Reports were read by each of the following officers: President, H. C. Wilson, Secretary, Mrs. Whitehead, and Treasurer, S. B. Clark, which showed the Society to be in a prosperous condition, spiritually and financially. The Board of Directors for ensuing year are: H. C. Wilson, S. B. Clark, C. H. Gilman, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Mrs. R. H. Wilson, Mrs. F. E. White, C. W. H. Coney, J. F. Westheimer and S. F. Young. After the transaction of business, short addresses were made by Messrs. Colby, Wilson, Peterson, and others.







## The Last Judgment.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Under the above heading the February number of *La Lumiere*, a French sheet published in Paris, France, contains an interesting communication, taken from a recent work called *Les Vies Mystérieuses*; or, *The Mysterious Lives*, but which originally came, as claimed, from friends in the spiritual world, in answer to a special request for information on so important a subject. As the thoughts suggested are likely to be new to many of your readers, I have taken the trouble to translate the same for their benefit as well as to outline a few comments on them appearing in the same sheet.

"The last judgment, my friends, is the final culling that takes place at the end of each period of planetary life.

"When after the labor of centuries the planet reaches the time of rising one step on the ladder of worlds, the persons who are incarnate thereon undergo a purification described by Jesus in the parable of the tares. It is the last judgment for that period of the planetary life.

"But you must understand that there are many judgments, as there are many periods in the life of a globe. Hence at each transformation a like labor takes place for the persons who then inhabit it. Only the spirits capable of following it in its ascent, stay there; the others go and become incarnate in a mass or by currents upon worlds that correspond to their worth.

"You upon the earth are just touching one of these awful epochs. There was one at the time of Christ, also one at the time of Noah. Ordinarily a *Mission* precedes these great epochs. It is the means of testing the spirits capable of rising, and of putting into their proper grade of incarnation those not sufficiently advanced to follow the ascending movement.

"But these solemn times are preceded by great sorrows; the world is upset; evils of all kinds afflict men; things themselves suffer and all is in labor; David in the psalms alludes to these different epochs of suffering. The apocalypse gives an enigmatical, but faithful picture of what is about to come and be the share of the coming generation of spirits. The earth will be shaken as by a terrible hurricane.

"The evils foreseen and foretold do not break out everywhere at once; it suffices that they appear in the country the most influential at the time. In your time France and England have the front rank almost everywhere; they will feel the crisis; with them the evils will begin.

"In the time of Noah, they bought and sold, planted and built, spite of predictions of that patriarch; and the deluge came upon them without delay.

"In the time of Moses the revelations of Sinai preceded the innumerable calamities endured by the Jewish people; among whom, nevertheless, the idea of the one only God was preserved.

"After Christ Jesus the calamity is more strongly marked. The only country in the world which heard the Christian revelation, Judea, agonized in blood and ruins; its people was scattered and has never since been restored.

"After that revelation of Jesus comes the actual revelation adopted by Spiritualism, which revives and spreads abroad a truth forgotten or branded as a lie and an impiety, the plurality of existences; and this revelation proves the communication of spirits, the necessity of doing good *one's self* in person, and of pardoning offences; a revelation showing clearly the increasing progress of every soul, of every creature in grand proportions and sublime conditions, and in such a way that all progress increases its power tenfold in an undefined manner. This revelation comes in a time of folly and of the redoubling of incredulity, in an epoch of lying and hypocrisy, well adapted to show in a baneful light the future and near destiny of those that dare to venture on in so dangerous a course.

"In the time of Jeremiah Jerusalem was smitten with a like vertigo, and this dizziness and blindness brought on its ruin and desolation.

"It is no longer now, as in the time of Jeremiah, a single prophet that cries: Wo! Nor is it any more, as in the time of Titus, one poor creature, that cries through all the city for three days and nights and thus makes his own funeral announcement.

"No, it is the deep universal sentiment of all those capable of having presentiments, just like the bird, that, trembling and shivering, presages the storm, while it is yet at a distance. It is the spirits, who, all, with common accord and in like language, are everywhere anticipating and forewarning. Ah! dear friends, it is not the hypocrites nor the obdurate that we wish to warn; they, alas! as in the times of Noah and of Jeremiah and of Christ, will only be convinced by the flames of the conflagration."

In commenting on the above remarkable statement, Rene Caillie, a well-known French Spiritualist, quotes no less than three leading French Spiritualist writers, who have given the same views as those above, which he also indorses; also the editress of *La Lumiere*, Lucie Grange, has published over three columns of comments on the above. She does not indorse the term *final judgment* as meaning anything more than successive stations or halts in the path of progress. These halts and stations are but the upsets, overthrows and revolutions that serve, in the case

of nations, as of individuals, as the precursors and preparations for grander and better days to come. Besides the gradual and imperceptible evolution and advancement of persons and of peoples, there are, also, decisive, violent and grand crises, which are to society what childbirth is to a mother. Each of these crises or birth-throes of nature and society is not properly either an end or beginning of progress; they are but parts of a series of events, each and all together, developing powers and preparing forces, regenerative and creative of the ultimate and final triumph of truth, goodness and justice. In these so-called *final judgments*, then, we find the terrible yet glorious facts on which is to be built up and established the Kingdom of the Spirit, the Kingdom of God in the world and in the future. They are but critical phases traversed by the human race in the onward path of progress. The revolutions and overthrows, the evils and sufferings and calamities of different epochs are the sad but necessary means to sublime ends. The time of the end of all things is announced as near, but that end is the only door that opens into the Grand Beginning of the new life of the spirit and of God in the world. It is the opening of the new heavens and the new earth of righteousness, or truth, goodness and justice, the burden of all the genuine seers and saints of all the ages.

I have given above but a brief outline of the comments of the editress on the communication first quoted. They seem to me full of good sense and wisdom. I hope they will seem so to you, Mr. Editor, and to your readers likewise.

W. W. T.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Reform and Reformers.

BY DR. A. B. WRYMOUTH.

Great reforms agitate society after long intervals of apparent stagnation. These wide-spread changes of public sentiment sometimes come to a crisis suddenly, and may be compared to earthquake shocks or volcanic eruptions. In such cases, disaster and consternation may attend their progress, but the world is made better by every one of such political, religious or social disturbances. Our civil war, and the period of disorder which followed it, at first appeared to be gigantic and unmitigated evils; but the abolition of slavery is now acknowledged as a blessing in South Carolina, as well as in Massachusetts. Pent-up forces, physical and spiritual, always seek and demand liberation. Sooner or later they will secure it at any cost. The wise man will not erect his dwelling-house near a smoking crater, nor will he vainly endeavor to oppose the march of human progress.

Judging from insufficient data, the short-sighted observer may deny the truth of the proverb that "reforms never go backward." A wider range of investigation would correct this error. When the foes of progress are apparently regaining lost ground, it is a certain indication that they will speedily meet with another crushing defeat. The hidden principles governing reforms are sometimes more perplexing than the orbits of the most erratic comets, and cannot be properly explained until they have been accurately recorded by the historian.

If reforms are often perplexing, it is certain that reformers are equally beyond ordinary comprehension. Phillips, Garrison, Lincoln and Grant, were men who differed widely in mental characteristics, but all of them were required to bring about the triumph of freedom. Reformers always possess marked peculiarities. They are independent in the extreme, and refuse to subscribe to unsound current opinions, however popular these ideas may be. Men who have the courage to combat venerable errors are socially ostracized, and are generally considered insane. Formerly, they were subjected to the most shameful persecution, and not a few of them, remaining true to their convictions to the last, are enrolled in the "noble army of martyrs." Socrates and Jesus are bright examples of this class. They were considered as most dangerous fanatics and radicals, while their unjust persecutors and judicial murderers were regarded as highly respectable and conservative officers.

The fagot and the gibbet no longer threatens reformers, but they are still subject to suspicion and denunciation. Mediums of irreproachable character often find difficulty in securing board or lodgings, while their patrons, like Nicodemus of old, frequently make secret appointments.

Reformers are not altogether without reward. They at least enjoy the approval of their own consciences, and are recompensed with the warmest affection of friends who know them best. Prominent reformers are generally awarded tardy justice by contemporaries, or, more frequently, by a subsequent generation. Let us all be faithful to our highest convictions of duty, leaving the result to God and the angel world.

MALDEN, Mass., March 27, 1887.

PUZZLED HIS MOTHER.—"Mamma," said a little boy the other day, "do little boy angels wear shoes and stockings in Summer time?" "No, my son." "Do they go barefooted?" "Yes." "And do they stay out after sundown?" "I presume so." "Well don't the stars tickle their feet when they twinkle?" The fond mother was nonplussed.

## A Test Acknowledged.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I should like to acknowledge, through the columns of your most valuable paper, a message I received at Assembly Hall on the evening of March 13th, and through the mediumship of Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the controlling spirit mentioning an invention I am working upon, and citing a change I had made and another I was contemplating, the latter only having occurred to my mind the afternoon preceding the evening the test was given. The message will be remembered by many present at the time from my having recognized the spirit of my mother-in-law, the merriment which it caused, calling forth a just rebuke from the spirit guide of Mrs. Whitney. I think it due every medium that messages bearing so plain a test as mine did, be publicly acknowledged.

Yours, for truth's sake,  
JOHN H. HOBART.  
OAKLAND, Cal., April 5, 1887.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Song from the Heights.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

On Reason's heights we stand with those  
Who fought life's battle well,  
Who, martyrs for the truth and right,  
Beneath oppression fell:

Not puling saints who hold by faiths,  
Not priest with cant and sneer,  
Not reprobates, by Jesus' blood,  
With consciences washed clear.

But noble thinkers of all time,  
The good, the true, the pure,  
Whose noble lives and loving deeds,  
Have made their calling sure.

The weakling throng who live by faith  
May go their own blind way,  
And boast they love the clouds of night  
Better than sunniest day.

Our faith must spring from knowledge  
Not blind, but starry-eyed;  
Our sacred scriptures, nature's page,  
And Reason for our guide.

## The Old Ferryman.

Gleamed the sunset's crimson glory  
Through the windows of the West;  
Crept the night-wind o'er the mountain,  
Seeking rest.

In a cabin rude, lay dying  
Its one tenant, old and gray;  
Those who watched knew life was ebbing  
Fast away.

But he roused with weary effort,  
Saw the sunset's glowing light  
Shining on the peaceful river,  
Pure and bright.

"Day is done," he softly murmured;  
Falls the welcome night at last.  
Through the long hours I've been dreaming  
Of the past.

"Dreamt I of a low, white farm-house,  
Daisied field and dewy glade,  
Where in childhood's joy unshadowed,  
Oft I played.

"But the dear ones,—father, mother,  
Kindred all—ah, where are they?  
And one else, a flower of beauty,  
Little May?"

"Years, long years, they've calmly slumbered,  
Heeding not the shine or rain,  
In the grave, on earth to waken  
Ne'er again.

"Angels, come, my soul to ferry  
O'er Death's river, dark and wide!  
Nearer sounds the mystic murmur  
Of the tide.

"Hear ye not the music stealing?  
Oh, how brightly gleam the skies!  
Somber mists uplift, revealing  
Paradise!"

"There, with hands outstretched in welcome,  
By the shining gates of gold,  
Once again my long-lost dear ones  
I behold."

Waned the sunset's crimson glory  
Down the windows of the West;  
And the guardian of the ferry,  
Lay at rest.

—MAMIE O. JOHNSON, in "Woman's Journal."

## His Wife.

I cannot touch his cheek;  
Nor rouse with a loving breath his hair;  
I look into his eyes, and hear him speak—  
He never knows that I am there!

Oh, if my darling would but only know  
That day and night, through all his weary life,  
I, whom he loved in the years long ago,  
Am with him still,—his wife!

I watch him at his task,  
When the broad sunbeams first light up his room;  
I watch him till the evening lays her mask  
Upon the face of day; and in the gloom  
He lays his pencil down and silent sits,  
And leans his chin upon his hand and sighs;  
How well I know what memory round him flits!  
I read it in his eyes.

And when his pencil's skill  
Has sometimes wrought a touch of happy art,  
I see his face with sudden gladness fill;  
To see him turn, with eager lips apart,  
I bid me come and welcome his success;  
And then he droops, and throws his brush aside.  
Oh, if my darling then could only guess  
That she is near who died!

Sometimes I fancy, too,  
That he does dimly know it,—that he feels  
Some influence of love pass thrilling through  
Death's prison bars, the spirit's bonds and seals;  
Some dear companionship around him still;  
Some whispered blessing, faintly breathed caress,  
The presence of a love no death can kill  
Brightening his loneliness.

Ah, but it cannot be!  
The dead are with the living,—I am here;  
But he, my living love, he cannot see  
His dead wife, though she cling to him so near.  
I seek his eyes; I press against his cheek;  
I hear him breathe my name in wailing tone;  
He calls me, calls his wife, I cannot speak;  
He thinks he is alone.

This is the bitterness of death,—  
To know he loves me, pines and yearns for me;  
To see him, still he near him, feel his breath  
Fan my sad cheek, and yet I am not free  
To bid him feel, by any faintest touch,  
That she who never left his side in life—  
She who so loved him, whom he loved so much—  
Is with him still his wife.

—JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

## Parting.

Farewell! that word has broken hearts  
And blinded eyes with tears;  
Farewell! one stays, and one departs;  
Between them roll the years.

No wonder why who say it think—  
Farewell! he may fare ill;  
No wonder that their spirits sink  
And all their hopes grow chill.

Good-bye! that word makes faces pale  
And fills the soul with fears;  
Good-bye! two words that wing a wail  
Which flutters down the years.

No wonder they who say it feel  
Such pangs for those who go;  
Good-bye! they wish the parted weal,  
But ah! they may meet woe.

Adieu! such is the word for us,  
'Tis more than word—'tis prayer;  
'They do not part, who do not thus,  
For God is everywhere.

—ABRAM J. RYAN.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Boston Letter.

BY JOHN WETTERBEE.

I never saw a finer gathering of people than occupied to its full extent Tremont Temple on the 31st of March; three sessions—forenoon, afternoon and evening. There was no time from the commencement of the services to its close at past 10 o'clock in the evening that there were not fully three thousand people present. It was a very pleasant circumstance that all the societies united on this Thirty-Ninth Anniversary. I do not remember an instance of the kind before since the first one in 1868, which was its twentieth anniversary. On all the occasions since there have been at least two; sometimes more. The Ladies' Aid Society always making it a feature to celebrate the 31st, and some other society doing the same, other societies joining either one or the other, and each trying by the employing of talent or some sensation to outdo the other, and a Spiritualist at large, like myself, wishing to take the whole in has had to float from one to the other, so that the outside world, the superficial observers, and even the reporters for the secular papers, got no realizing sense of the magnitude of our movement as one would if concentrated. The occasions have always been interesting and popular, and it has been a day that the Spiritualists in all the fifty or one hundred towns and cities in our vicinity have made it a point to be present, so when divided the meetings were large and attractive, but by no means as imposing as if united. On this thirty-ninth it was a union celebration, and I never saw in this city a finer gathering, intelligent-looking and respectable an audience, that came to stay, and did stay, and the doings were fully appreciated. I think Spiritualism on this occasion made a better impression than ever before, and the secular press felt its influence, and the reports were respectful, and it was as well treated as the gatherings of any other religious body.

Boston is a sort of head center of Spiritualism; more attention paid to it than in any other locality in the world. There are three or four large societies, and more still of smaller ones, lyceums, ladies aid societies, and circles innumerable, and about ten materializing mediums giving from three to six seances every week. This large union gathering gives but a partial idea of the magnitude of the cause in this vicinity, but on this occasion it gave a better idea of it to the outside observer than has been customary, and the fact was a frequent matter of comment. It was in every respect such a marked success that the plan unquestionably will hereafter be followed.

On this occasion instead of employing two or three of our distinguished speakers to occupy the time of a session each, and filling up the interstices with a few short speeches, readings and music. It seemed to be the feeling of the committee of inviting all, both the bright and the lesser lights, who are in the habit of having good words to say, for each to say them, and from five to fifteen minutes being allowed to each, and in that way some twenty-five or thirty were heard from. To be sure it seemed somewhat odd to see some of the eloquently inexpressible saying their say in ten or fifteen minutes when an hour hardly suffices; but the effect was good, for there was hardly a speech made that did not seem to end too soon, and a little more would not have been fatiguing. I do not know as this plan could have been carried out so well anywhere else. Boston seems to abound in local talent, and, besides it, as is apt to be the case, it was well supplied from the outside of our locality or tendency to gravitate Hubbard on occasions when the "morning light" seems to be breaking.

Eben Cobb, who was the active Vice-President, opened the meeting with some introductory remarks and then introduced Capt. Richard Holmes as the president of the day who made a dignified and able speech, tipped at the end with an appropriate poetic effusion. During the three sessions, occupying about nine hours, we had short addresses from each of the following persons, not exactly in the order named, but all responded at the call of the president: Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, Allen Putnam, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Edgar W. Emerson, John Wetterbee, J. Frank Baxter, John W. Day, Miss M. T. Shelhamer, J. Wm. Fletcher, Dr. J. C. Street, Mrs. M. A. Richer, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Mrs. M. Townsend Wood, Dr. A. H. Richardson, J. B. Hatch, Hon. Warren Chase, Mrs. Clara A. Field, Thomas Dowling, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, L. L. Whitlock, Dr. H. B. Storer, A. A. Wheelock, Dean Clark. Between these speakers there was fine singing, by Mr. Lillie, J. F. Baxter, Dr. Buffrum, Charley Sullivan, and some ladies whose names have escaped me, and Baldwin's band was on the platform during the day and evening, and Miss Lucette Webster the elocutionist gave several pleasant recitations at each of the sessions.

Points: Allen Putnam is a veteran in his 85th year. He is mentally well preserved, and his experience as a believer in Spiritualism dates back to 1852. He makes almost a specialty of officiating at funerals. There seems to be something quite fitting in his doing so, as he seems to be post due, overlooked by the white-robed angel, and we hope it will be some time yet before he is drafted. He must be careful and not be too

strongly in favor of Mrs. Fairchild's materializations, for I hear the venerable editor of the *Banner of Light* says, "Ex-Senator Morrill and the venerable Thomas R. Hazard were taken over for opposing him in her connection." I tremble a little myself, not for sticking by her; that is my duty knowing her to be genuine, but perhaps, as there are exceptions to all general rules, I may be overlooked and stay a spell longer on ground where I can cast "shadows."

Among the short addresses I was uncommonly struck with two of them, and was very sorry when they ended, and wished time had stopped and they had been an hour each instead of fifteen minutes. These were by Mrs. Lillie and Warren Chase. The former was a jewel of eloquence and rational sense. I do not know as I ever heard anything finer. I think decidedly she is the queen of the platform. The latter was rougher eloquence, but was full of chunks of wisdom.

John W. Day's address was an original poem. He is known by his connection with the *Banner of Light*, in an editorial capacity; not the editor that every one knows, but I don't know what the dear old *Banner* would do without him. His poem on this occasion was very happy and appropriate, and he is no novice, having written many fine pieces, and when I was in a better shape for knowing than I am now. I expected to see them in a more enduring form, or in book shape, and that may be one of his futures.

Wishing to say as much as I could in ten minutes I wrote out my speech to read. I am not a good reader, so I lost my courage, let my prepared speech remain in my pocket and spoke extemporaneously, and I guess it was the wisest thing to have done, judging by its reception and some little taffy that my favorites gave me afterwards; but that is not my object in thus speaking of myself. A middle-aged man said to me, as I was going out, that I was speaking under the influence of Wm. White (once editor of the *Banner*) and Dr. H. F. Gardner, and that both of them were aside of me when I was speaking. I don't, however, take much stock in that, for I am not mediumistic; but it was singular that an hour after that, being introduced to Mrs. Warren Chase in the *Banner* bookstore, she said she saw Wm. White and Dr. Gardner by my side when I was speaking; she said there was no mistake about it, as she knew them well. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, while giving tests, said a well-known spirit was present and interested in these doings, and said a few encouraging words which he said was Dr. H. F. Gardner, and he would very likely have been present on an occasion like this. I have just mentioned this as a sort of a coincidence, and when I remember once the Doctor said to me, after once reading an address, "John, don't you ever write your speech again." And I don't know as I ever have and this was eighteen or twenty years ago, and it was singular that I so suddenly changed my mind and talked instead of read. I should be very sorry to suppose that anybody but "shadows" was controlling me; but I thought I would mention this for the fun of it, trusting that I am not speaking wiser than I know.

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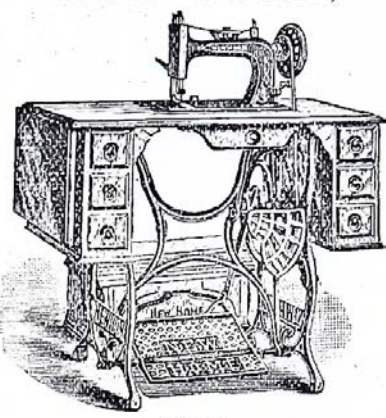
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8:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:15 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:45 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:45 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:15 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:15 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 4:45 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 5:45 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:15 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 6:45 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:15 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 8:45 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:15 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 9:45 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:15 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 10:45 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:15 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 11:45 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:15 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:45 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:45 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:15 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:15 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